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VOLUME I.

BRIGHTON, CANADA WEST, JANUARY 16, 1861.

NUMBER 9.

Poet's Corner.

WHO ARE OUR FRIENDS.

Who are our friends? Ambition cries:
They are my friends who help me rise;
Who clear my path to worldly fame,
And shout in trumpet tones my name;
Who bow my way to power, renown,
And place upon my brow a crown!

Who are our friends? Pride faintly sighs,
Those who my matchless beauty prize;
Who bow the heart and bend the knee
To wealth, and pomp, and power—to see
Who gratify my every thought—
Nor deem a smile thus dearly bought.

Who are our friends? Grief murmurs, those
Who feel my misery: kindly share
With me each crushing worldly care;
Who bid me hope for joy to-morrow,
A blast release from all my sorrow.

Who is my friend? Hope whispers: He
Who bids me rest—He bids me rise;
Who aids me in that holy strife,
Where victors wear a crown of life;
Who point the way that saints have trod,
And bid me see to Heaven—to God!

For the Educationalist.

LITERARY ACQUISITIONS.

THEIR PLEASURES AND PRACTICAL ADVANTAGES.

BY J. F.

(Continued.)

We must now hasten to the more dry, but not less important part of our subject—*The Practical Advantages of Literary Acquisitions.*

What the magnetic needle is to a ship, learning is to man; it determines his point of compass and if it is coupled with the log withouts of common sense, he can, at any time ascertain his latitude and longitude, and thus shun many dangerous shoals. Instead of sailing at random, he can steer at once to the desired coast—for though not all "fishers of men," we are all angling for something. Our sails are spread for the Newfoundland of life, where we "gug to fish for cod," or, with enlarged views, *skating* it us of things, we are steering to the south seas, with glistening harpoons poised in hand. In either case, as before hinted, these of the greatest literary acquisitions will soonest fall into the wake of the gale.

Knowledge assists its possessor in judging of the nature and quality of things. In this way he can rightly direct his efforts, and expend his capital to the best advantage. In a state of ignorance he cannot always do this. We have known men to subject themselves to considerable expense in attempting to extract silver from a dark colored, heavy stone, composed, in a great part, of carbonate of iron. We have seen so common and un-

peculiar a mineral as *sphalerite* taken at some cost and trouble, to a distasteful chemist, as tin ore.

There is a happy illustration of the point we are trying to establish, in the early settlement of this country. A whole ship load of the sulphuret of iron, usually called shining sand, was carried from the southern coast to England, as a cargo of gold! What a sublimely ridiculous attempt at speculation! What a laughable stride of ignorance in a fruitless effort to climb the crazy stairway of opulence! There is more in this simple historical fact than its recorders seem to have discovered. It contains a lesson which the young, in particular, should ponder well. Let us look at the picture and then see the weakness of man when trusting to that blind guide, ignorance. See those illiterate adventurers toiling day after day, with their coats off, their sleeves rolled up and their heads down, digging the shining sand and loading the ship till she groans beneath her burden! How impatient they are to receive the avails of their labor, that the little colony may at once fill the highest seats in the synagogue of wealth. See them now, with their ship's anchor weighed, and her sails unfurled, wending their way across the Atlantic, with big hopes in their hearts, and bigger heaps, piled by fancy, in their pockets. After long weeks of "hope" and wealth "deferred," see them sail up the coast of old England beside the treasures of Ind, perhaps, and with shining eyes offer their shining sand from the Eldorado of the West to the traffickers of the land of Lyell. And now, as they learn the true character and worth of their cargo, see them, with disappointment and pungent mortification depicted on their countenances, turn their whole freight into the sea, and their empty ship westward again, and with a cargo of chagrine in their hearts, hurry back to their wives, their daughters, and their sweethearts, who are impatiently awaiting to assume the purple and finery of the rest of their days.

Truly "all is not gold that glitters," and knowledge tells us at a glance which is, and which is not the pure ore. It saves us many a voyage on the stormy deep, from the ridicule of friends, and from self-mortification.

The advantage of knowledge is most lucidly exemplified in the case of electricity. Till the time of the immortal Franklin, but little, comparatively, was known of this wonderful and still mysterious fluid. He brought it under human scrutiny by analyzing a thunder cloud. Before this experiment it was like a frantic steed. Its mettle was unknown, and it was supposed to be unmanageable. But the philosopher, as if aided by some superhuman agency, allured it from its home in the storm-cloud, and tamed it. Strange as it

may seem, this darting, fiery monster of the heavens, that sometimes rends the sturdiest monarch of the forest, and takes the life of man in the twinkling of an eye, is now harnessed and managed with as much ease as conscience leads its wayward victim to the shrine of repentance. To change the figure; through the aid of science it becomes the carrier pigeon of art; and, outstripping the beams of morning, it speeds with its message half round the globe. The slightest changes in the pulsations of the body politic is now conveyed in an instant to its remotest members, though hundreds of miles apart. Doubtless, each ebb and flow in the broad tide of human affairs will, ere long, be communicated, the moment it transpires, to either tropic; and our antipodes will be apprised of our elections, ere the crackle of the bonfire is heard, or even the torch is applied. Should we, in future years have occasion to war with neighboring powers, the result of our battles will, doubtless, be communicated along the walls of the "celestial empire" before the roar of the cannon has ceased to reverberate along the sordid fields of the dead.

Without the aid of science, none of the wonders of the age would be unfolded. Steam presses would not be in existence—the mariner's compass could be used to but little advantage, so the dominions of Neptune would not be traversed; steamboats, these "floating palaces of the deep," if invented, would be inert monsters, unable to "walk the waters like a thing of life," and the rail-car being unknown, each one of us would be obliged to continue "staging it" along the dull and hubbly road of life.

Once more; the advantages of knowledge may be seen in the improvements wrought in certain kinds of soil, by an acquaintance with agricultural chemistry. Of the family of natural sciences chemistry is ranked as a younger member. It has mainly grown up within a century. Among its later and most beautiful features, is its development of the qualities of different soils. It begins to reveal the wealth of the earth. She is found to contain an immense amount of specie before unknown, and though her "deposits"—particularly of man, are fast being "removed," there need be no fear of her failing. With all seriousness let us say, she is owned by the great Capitalist. Her wealth may be illustrated by a single example. Marl has been found to be a great fertilizer. It renders land very productive, which before its application, was considered almost worthless. Usually from forty to sixty loads are used to the acre. Such a dressing will last from twelve to twenty years. What is remarkable, and like almost everything in nature, strikingly exhibits the wisdom and goodness of God, marl is found where it is most wanted. It is deposited near

the earth's surface, and is thus easily obtained. The result of the discovery is that hills where formerly thorns, thistles, and mullens disputed the dominion, now support luxuriant corn.

The benefit of knowledge is seen in its moral influence on its possessor. And since the field seems to widen as we proceed with our subject, after saying a word on this point, the reader may go out "under the open sky" and make his own observations.

The affirmation of Dr. Young in regard to the "undevout astronomer," is applicable to all the votaries of learning. The undevout botanist, the undevout chemist, the undevout intellectual or moral philosopher—all are "mad." We do not understand how any one can study the works, the beauties, the laws of nature; the mechanism of the human mind or of the human system; the laws by which the moral world is governed—in short, science with all its theology, without mere strongly admiring the character, and without reverence and adoring the person of the glorious Author of both matter and mind.

Flowers are called by one writer the "poetry of the earth," and by another, with as much propriety, the "Scriptures of the earth." Their delicacy of structure, the transcendent beauty of their petals, their stamens, their pistils, their fragrance and their profusion, all exhibit the divine attributes and the amazing goodness of their "Great Original." Thus it is with everything God has made to beautify the earth and gladden the heart. Seen through the microscope or telescope of science, as the case may require, His handiwork is opened to us each day as an epistle from heaven, fragrant with divine aroma and bearing the inscription of Emmanuel. The author of "Night Thoughts" has expressed the whole in one line;

"All nature is a glass, reflecting God."

The effect of science being like its object, we cannot better conclude, than in the language of Sir James McIntosh. "The object of all science," says he, "is to inspire the love of truth, of wisdom, of beauty—especially of goodness, the highest beauty—and of that Supreme and eternal MIND which contains all truth and wisdom and beauty. By the delightful contemplation and pursuit of these transcendent aims for their sake only, the mind of man is raised from low and perishable objects and prepared for these high destinies which are appointed for those who are capable of them."

Brighton, December, 1860.

If we justly look upon a proneness to find faults as a very ill and mean thing, we are to remember that a proneness to believe them is next to it.

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TERMS:—Fifty CENTS per annum, in advance. ONE DOLLAR at the expiration of three months.

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THE EDUCATIONALIST.

JANUARY 16, 1861.

Written for the *Educationalist*.

AEROLITES.

Among all of nature's wonders what so calculated to arrest attention and yet so little understood, so apparently without law, reason or explanation, so much the wonder of the ignorant and the perplexity of the learned, as those celestial appearances called *shooting stars*, *falling stars*, *meteors*, *aerolites*, *fireballs*; for these we deem but variations or modifications of one peculiar class, all governed by the same laws, subject to like influences, having a similar origin, and, perhaps, equally explicable.

All are acquainted with the peculiar phenomena presented by falling stars: all have watched for them on a clear autumnal night, exclaimed with delight at their appearance, traced their shining path through the sky, and stood silent as they disappeared, wondering whence so suddenly started into view this strange mysterious form, whence its origin, what its laws, its course, its purpose. But not the night alone is startled by their sudden gleam; day, too, sometimes reveals their almost unheeded presence. Sometimes a very dark cloud seems to burst, and heated angular fragments fall, covered with a shining black crust containing iron, nickel and other substances in a union never found among telluric minerals. That all or even a large proportion of these meteors *fall* is not to be supposed; though that they do sometimes *fall* is proved by the fragments found still heated; and it is even related

that a sailor on board a Portuguese ship and a monk at Milan were struck dead by falling aerolites.

They move, some of them in a direction nearly horizontal, others rise in their course, and others, again, appear to remain motionless for a time. There is an account in the "Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London" of a remarkable fiery meteor first observed over the Northern Ocean. It passed in a S. E. direction across England, crossed the straits of Dover, and was traced as far as Rome, a distance of one thousand miles. There is no account of this having fallen to the earth.

The common impression is that these fireballs are but a little distance from the earth, but it is found by calculation from the angle at which they are seen by observers at different places that their height must vary from 16 miles to 120, and their rate of motion, mostly in a S. E. or N. W. direction, from 18 to 50 miles per second—the earth's movement in its orbit being about nineteen miles per second. In size they vary from a mere point of light to a half mile in diameter. These larger are supposed to be composed of a solid nucleus, less dense, however, than the earth's mean density, surrounded by an inflammable vapor.

They are sometimes visible a minute, lighting up the sky, palming the stars and discoloring the moon, leaving behind a luminous trail which may be visible as long as seven minutes, but usually disappears in three or four. Of their color Humboldt says: "From four thousand observations made it appears that two thirds are white, one seventh yellow, one seventeenth red, one thirty-seventh green." The combustion of these meteors, attended with the rapid or more slow disappearance of the tails, which are generally many miles in length, is the more remarkable as the burning tails sometimes bend or wave about. This motion so similar to that frequently noticed in the tails of comets may perhaps be referred to the same cause; vibrations or movements in the upper strata of the atmosphere.

The periodic recurrence of falling stars at six well defined intervals or periods in the year adds an additional interest to the whole subject. It is believed that an extraordinary shower may be expected once in thirty-three or four years. The next is predicted by Obers to occur about the twelfth of November, 1867. These displays of divine power, contemplated by the philosophic observer, awaken solemn reverential thoughts, while the uneducated mind sees only scintillations of light in the firmament and perceives in the blackened stone that falls from the exploded cloud no more than the rough product of a powerful natural force.

Plutarch in his life of Lysander, after giving "the opinion of physicians," says, "but there is another and more probable opinion which holds that falling stars are not emanations

or detached parts of the elementary fire that go out the moment they are kindled, nor yet a quantity of air bursting out from some compression and taking fire in the upper regions, but that they are really heavenly bodies which have some relaxation in the rapidity of their motion or by some irregular concussion are lessened and fall, not so much upon the habitable part of the earth as into the ocean which is the reason of their substance being so seldom seen." An opinion strikingly in accordance with modern views.

Humboldt says, "The Germans call these meteors 'star stuff,' an expression well suited to the views of the vulgar in former times, according to whom the lights in the firmament were said to undergo a process of *stuffing* or *cleaning*." In a work on German Mythology we find a more dignified explanation. "The Pærezæ weave in heaven for the new born child its thread of fate, attaching to each separate thread a shining star. When death approaches, the thread is rent, the star wanes and sinks to the earth."

But beautiful as some of these thoughts of the vulgar are, we are now able to give a more intelligible explanation of phenomena which lose none of their beauty by being understood.

To bestow a passing glance at some of the theories which have been proposed to account for the phenomena presented by these mysterious visitants of our earth is now all that can be allowed us.

The first theory we may notice represents them as thrown from volcanoes. A sufficient refutation of this may be found in their composition—different from that of any terrestrial mineral, and especially in their great height and independence of the earth's motion. It has been proposed to consider them as merely the passage of electricity and the combustion attending it through inflammable gases exhaled from the earth; and learned experiments have been instituted to prove the similarity of the phenomena of meteors and those that would occur were the theory correct; but stones fall, crystals, and it seems hardly consonant with our ideas of crystallization that the process should be so abrupt as to take place almost instantaneously as required by this theory.

It was a theory formerly extensively held by the savans of the United States, that these shooting stars were "terrestrial comets," i. e. cometary bodies revolving, like the moon, around the earth as a centre. These, by the disturbing influence of the moon's attraction and other causes, were precipitated to the earth, and became incandescent from the friction resulting from their great velocity through the air.

A simple mathematical calculation is the reply to this. A body revolving with the attraction of the earth as a central force, must move at a rate not higher than four hundred miles per minute.

These fireballs are observed to move with

a velocity even ten times greater than this, which fact seems to exclude them from the benefits of the apology this theory would offer for their conduct.

It was the theory of the renowned astronomer, La Place, that these masses of heated, luminous stone were thrown from the volcanoes of the moon. It was at first thought impossible that anything should be thrown by volcanic force from the moon with sufficient velocity to be projected to the earth. For twelve years this ballistic problem engaged the attention of astronomers, and it was at length decided that with an united velocity five times that of a cannon ball, a mass would be thrown beyond the sphere of the moon's attraction, and hence fall to the earth.

The moon being acknowledged of a fiery nature, it was not deemed incredible that she should in some extra spiteful moment, bombard her larger but more phlegmatic consort with blazing fireballs and heated stones projected from her arid volcanic sides at this enormous rate. True, fears might be entertained that at the present rate of annual fall the moon would soon belch herself away, and lovers in future years must walk, and vow, and sigh, with no "pale, witching moon," shining serenely o'er them. But, notwithstanding this lamentable prospect, you may find men of profound science still expounding the theory. But Olbers showed that an initial velocity *nearly* times that of a cannon ball would be necessary to account for their extraordinary rapidity of motion.

This seems more than can be believed of volcanic force, and the theory has fallen into disrepute. The ancient notion that these stars are loosened and dropped from the fiery globe, the sun, is quite as probable.

The last theory we shall present, and this we deem the true one, is that aerolites or by whatever name they are called, are small bodies moving in rings around the sun in groups of greater or less numbers.—That these are attracted from their orbits by the disturbing influence of the earth and are rendered incandescent by electrical currents from the earth as they near our atmosphere.

It is contended that this alone will account for their great velocity, their independence of the earth's motion, their great numbers, their periodic occurrence in brilliant showers. In short for the many perplexing phenomena they present. This theory if not the true one has at least the support of great names; Olbers, Humbolt, Herschel, Arago. But after all our knowledge of these strange forms is yet limited. Much remains to be learned respecting the frequency of their occurrence, when they may be expected, the direction of their motion, and many points on which the enquiring mind seeks light. These, time will show. *Æneas reserves her favours* for those who report their visits.

A PICTURE OF THE WOODS.

The following descriptive passage from the "Professor's Story" in the July number of the Atlantic Monthly, is one of the finest pictures Dr. Holmes ever painted:

"The woods are all alive to one who walks through them with his mind in an excited state, and his eyes and ears wide open. The trees are always talking, not merely whispering with their leaves, (for every tree talks to itself in that way, even when it stands alone in the middle of a pasture,) but grating their boughs against each other, as old horn-handed farmers press their dry, rustling palms together—dropping a nut, or a leaf, or a twig, clicking to the tap of a woodpecker, or rustling as a squirrel flashes along a branch. It was now the season of singing-birds, and the woods were haunted with mysterious, tender music. The voices of the birds, which love the deeper shades of the forest, are sadder than those of the open fields; these are the nuns that have taken the veil, the hermits that have hidden themselves away from the world, and tell their griefs to the infinite listening Silence of the wilderness,—for the one deep inner silence that Nature breaks with her fitful superficial sounds, becomes multiplied as the image of a star in ruffled waters. Strange! The woods at first convey the impression of profound repose, and yet, if you watch their ways with open ear, you find the life which is in them, restless and nervous as that of a woman; the little twigs are eroding, and twining and separating like slender fingers that cannot be still, the stray leaf is to be flattened into its place like a truant eurl; the limbs sway and twist, impatient of their constrained attitude; and the rounded masses of foliage swell upward and subside from time to time with long soft sighs, and, it may be, the falling of a few rain-drops which had lain hidden among the deeper shadows. I pray you, notice, in the sweet summer days which you will soon see among the mountains, this inward tranquillity that belongs to the heart of the woodland, with this nervousness, for I do not know what else to call it, of outer movement. One would say that Nature, like untrained persons, could not sit still without nestling about or doing something with her limbs or features, and that high breeding was only to be looked for in trim gardens, where the soul of the trees is still at ease, perhaps; but their manners are unexceptionable, and a rustling branch or leaf falling out of season is an indecorum. The real forest is hardly still except in the Indian summer, then there is death in the house, and they are waiting for the sharp shrunken months to come with white raincoat for the summer's burial."

SELF-GOVERNMENT.—The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.

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FOR WHAT DO WE LIVE?

In moments of reflection, when the fetters that bind the heart in homage to the gay world have been broken, and you snatch an hour's repose, have you not in that brief time summed up all the follies in which you have indulged, and then in imagination gone far out into the forbidden paths of the future—the months, perhaps years, through which you may journey in an earthly home ere this life shall be exchanged for one of unending wear or woe; and then has not the inquiry come, startling you with its stern, measured tones, for what are you living? In such a moment, pause, reflect. Do not say it is too hard, or of no consequence, and with this hasty notice pass on to lighter subjects which you may fathom or handle with ease—but *think*. This is of importance; and though it may be an unpleasant theme, and its hoarse whisperings may bring no sweet harmonious sounds, yet answer ere you cease to think.

You know that you were spoken into existence by the same invisible and divine power that brightened the world with sunbeams and lighted up the heavens with the resplendent brilliancy of distant worlds. Intellect is stamped upon your brow. You do not suppose that you were created to roam the broad extending fields of earth, to be silent recipients of daily blessings, to behold and enjoy in silence all that is beautiful—and to have no object in life? No! you have been gifted with the power of reasoning, and surely reason has taught no such lesson. This guide tells you in unmistakable terms, that you were created for some purpose. Then to what object are you devoting life? Are you idly dreaming away year after year, flattering yourself with the belief that you have no mission to perform? If this be so, no longer listen to the enchanter—this is but the hallucination of a dream that will not result in good. Go forth in the “dim and devious” paths around you, and seek employment here, there and everywhere; you will find work from early dawn till “twilight’s soft and enchanting hour,” or even until “midnight’s holy hour,” and there will still be more to do. Each morning brings with it new duties to perform, new fields for labor.

Are you enjoying the halcyon days of life’s spring-time? Then turn to the history of your own country. Unclasp it and read its pages; you will find traced in legible characters, names that will not fade so long as time shall endure. You behold them now bright stars that shall shine on through ages, undimmed. Does not the thought that they have lived, rouse the latent energies of the soul, and bid you strive to shine thus brightly over ages yet to be registered? The paths of life are not strewn with flowers, but here and there are dangerous precipices and yawning chasms that look fearful indeed; but do not sit with folded arms; pause not on the brink to ask if you must plunge into the Rubicon—take the leap and brave the difficulties that may assail you, and let your motto be—though baffled never to despond. Bury not the talent that has been given you, but let each day add something to the store;

success will be your reward in the end. Live for some high and holy purpose; not only as the victor in dangerous exploits, but remember, there is a contest in which you must engage—a battle to be won—a foe to be conquered, more fearful than any you have encountered.

Grieve no heart by an unkind act, but let each passing breeze bear on its way some message of peace; and gladness if you would one day wear the crown of eternal life. Have your efforts been filled with rich treasures? Then look around you for objects of charity—you will find them in your midst; by benevolence, relieve the burden of poverty. If this be not your fortune, give the tear of sympathy, or the cheering smile of kindness.

Are you leading an idle life—a life of idleness? Then rouse yourself; throw off the shackles that have fastened around you. Idleness is sinful, and “real glory springs from the silent conquest” of oneself. Have you arrived to years of maturity? Then seek to blot out past follies by devoting the future to noble pursuits. As year after year bears you farther down the stream of life, record upon the unwritten leaves of your journal some thought, some deed that shall win the approval of conscience, and above all, that of a higher Power. Are you aged, and have the years gone by carried away with them naught that was good? Then haste to consecrate the fitting ones that may be allotted you to the service of a merciful though just God, if you would gain a rich inheritance in the home of untold bliss.

Look around you and behold the work to be accomplished, and remember that you have a part to perform on the vast stage, and let the remembrance bring with it the resolution to discharge in faithfulness every duty assigned you. Live thus, and though sorrow may come with heavy steps and seek to crush you, yet each attempt will prove unsuccessful, and strength will be given you to triumph over all.

COLLOQUIAL TEACHING.

Every attentive observer will admit that more is accomplished in the way of learning in any given time, by a free conversation with a person who understands his subject, than can be learned in the same time in any other way. We are, therefore, in favour of teachers being on terms of intimacy with those whom they teach. The magisterial reserve and austerity, which many teachers think it necessary to put on for the purpose of supporting their dignity in the government of a large school, are very unfavourable to the progress of learning in the dependant and inquiring scholar. The *lips* of the wise teacher impart familiarly, wisdom and knowledge. Books, apparatus, maps, charts, and other illustrations in use, are always more or less necessary, but the free lecture and the colloquial explanation make the matter plain and doubly interesting. Some of the most successful and best teachers in every age, like Pestalozzi, have taught much by free conversation. How important, then, that every teacher should know how to talk, so as to be a good talker. There is really more of almost every person’s time given to talk, than to any other one thing.—

Both the manner and the matter of conversation ought, therefore, to be formed and regulated from reference to the best models. A good style of conversation is useful for business, for amusement, for instruction, for merriment, for condolence, for charity, for friendship, and for all the multifarious uses of civil and social intercourse among men.—therefore, let every teacher and every scholar aim to become a good talker.

But what is it to be a good talker, and how is such accomplishment to be obtained? In order to be a good talker, your words must be well chosen and gracefully uttered. You must avoid unnatural tones and awkwardness of manner. Persons who are suffered to acquire a confirmed habit of using certain expressions, because they are thought to be elegant or quaint, or witty, will not become a good talker. One who depends upon proverbs, adages and quotations, as illustrations, will not become a good talker. One who aims at great precision, as well as one who is careless in manner, will not become a good talker. Unclear, low or vulgar words, are worse often than they seem. They have influence in vitiating the taste and corrupting the heart. On the contrary, right words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

The words which are spoken give character to the speaker,—they have gone out and are ir retrievable. While unuttered thoughts are superseded or forgotten, these affect only the thinker; while the uttered words may have made a lodgment in impressible minds that shall be enduring. How necessary, then, that we talk aright, that both the language and the sentiment we utter should be such as is approved by the scholar, the lady or gentleman, and the christian. Let wit, sentiment and knowledge, combine and be set off with grace and purity, and your conversation will teach and enlighten all that hear. Let every instructor aim, therefore, to make his conversation instructive; and this cannot be done without learning to talk well.—*Western (Cincinnati) School Journal.*

A HARD USED WORD.—Worcester’s new dictionary gives the following passage in illustration of the amount of hard labor that is required of the convenient little word to *get*: I *got* on horse-back within ten minutes after I *got* your letter. When I *got* to Canterbury, I *got* a chaise for town; but I *got* wet through before I *got* to Canterbury, and I *got* such a cold that I shall not be able to *get* rid of it in a hurry. I *got* to the treasury about noon, but first of all I *got* shaved and dressed; I soon *got* into the secret of *getting* a memorial before the Board, but I could not *get* one the next morning. As soon as I *got* back to my inn, I *got* my supper, and *got* to bed. It was not long before I *got* to sleep. When I *got* up in the morning, I *got* my breakfast, and then I *got* myself dressed, that I might *get* out in time to *get* an answer to my memorial.—As soon as I *got* it, I *got* into the chaise, and *got* to Canterbury by three, and I *got* home. I have *got* nothing for you, and adieu.

NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN.

Socrates at an extreme age, learned to play on musical instruments.

Cato, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language.—Many of our young men, at thirty and forty, have forgotten even the alphabet of a language, the knowledge of which was made a daily exercise through college. A fine comment upon their love letters, truly.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin. Many of our young lawyers not thirty years of age think that *nisi prius faciat*, &c., are English expressions; and if you tell them that a knowledge of Latin would make them appear a little more respectable in their profession, they will reply that they are *too old* to think of learning Latin.

Beccaccio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature. Yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two. There are many among us ten years younger than Beccaccio, who are dying of *ennui*, and regret that they were not educated to a taste for literature; but now they are *too old*.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, and commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer. Our young men begin to think of laying their seniors on the shelf when they have reached sixty years of age.—How different the present estimate put upon experience from that which characterized a certain period of the Grecian Republic, when a man was not allowed to open his mouth in caucusses or political meetings, who was under forty years of age.

Colbert, the famous French minister, at sixty years of age, returned to his Latin and law studies. How many of our college-learned men have ever looked into their classics since their graduation?

Ludovico, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own times. A singular exertion, noticed by Voltaire, who was himself one of the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in new studies.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek, till he was past fifty.

Accorso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, answered, that indeed he began it late, but he should, therefore, master it the sooner.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the *Iliad*; and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

We could go on and cite thousands of examples of men who commenced a new study and struck out into an entirely new new pursuit, either for livelihood or amusement, at an advanced age. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men will recollect individual cases, enough to convince him that none but the sick and indolent will ever say, *I am too old to study*.

TALENT ALWAYS WORTH A PRICE.

No men are more justly entitled to their prices, than truly qualified and competent teachers. And this, not barely because of the value they give in return, but because of the great outlay of time and money necessary to prepare for their profession. Some teachers have spent a dozen years in their preparation, and have laid out many thousand dollars, a capital of time and money sufficient to have made them rich in merchandize, or at any mechanical art. Few persons can estimate the value of things, where results are produced with ease, and in a moment. They must see the labour performed.—Most can readily believe that a railroad, a canal, or a ship, is worth all the money asked for it, but they cannot understand why a painting or a statue, should be held at many thousand dollars. Nor can they in any way but be amazed that Paganini should expect twenty guineas for a tune on the violin. A plain, but frank-hearted and sensible farmer, once called at the office of a celebrated lawyer in the south, and asked him a very important question, that could be answered in an instant, categorically—yes or no. "No," was promptly returned. The farmer was well satisfied. The decision was worth to him many thousand dollars.—And now the client, about to retire, asked the lawyer the charge for the information. "Ten dollars," replied he. "Ten dollars!" ejaculated the astonished farmer, "ten dollars for saying no!" "Do you see these rows of books, my friend?" rejoined the lawyer, "I have spent many years in reading them, and studying their contents to answer "no." "Right! Right!" responded the honest farmer, "right! I cheerfully pay the ten dollars."—*Conn. School Manual*.

WELL GOVERNED CHILDREN.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that children love the parents less who maintain a proper authority over them. On the contrary they respect them more. It is a cruel and unnatural selfishness that indulges children in a foolish and hurtful way. Parents are guides and counsellors to their children. As a guide in a foreign land, they undertake to pilot them safely through the shoals and quicksands of experience. If the guide allows his followers all the liberty they please—if, because they dislike the constraint of the narrow path of safety, he allows them to stray into holes and down precipices that destroy them, to loiter in woods full of wild beasts or deadly herbs—can he be called a sure guide? And is it not the same with our children? They are as yet only in the *profrice*, as it were, in the first chapter of the book of life. We have nearly finished it, or are far advanced. We must open the pages for these younger minds. If children see that their parents act from principle; that they do not find fault without reason; that they do not punish because personal offence is taken, but because the thing in itself is wrong—if they see that, while they are resolutely but affectionately re-

fused what is not good for them, there is a willingness to oblige them in all innocent matters—they will soon appreciate such conduct. If no attention is paid to rational wishes; if no allowance is made for youthful spirits; if they are dealt with in a hard, unympathizing manner—the proud spirit will rebel, and the meek spirit will be broken.

EDGAR POE'S RESIDENCE.

An American writer who visited the cottage during the summer of the same year described it as half buried in fruit trees, and as having a thick grove of pines in its immediate neighborhood. The proximity of the railroad, and the increasing population of the little village, have since wrought great changes in the place. Round an old cherry-tree, near the door, was a broad bank of the greenest turf. The neighboring beds of *uzonette* and *heliotrope*, and the pleasant shade above, made this a favourite seat. Rising at four o'clock in the morning, for a walk to the magnificent Aqueduct bridge over Harlem river, our informant found the poet, with his mother, standing on the turf beneath the cherry-tree, eagerly watching the movements of two beautiful birds that seemed contemplating a settlement in its branches. He had some rare tropical birds in cages, which he cherished and petted with assiduous care. Our English friend describes him as giving to his birds and his flowers a delighted attention that seemed quite inconsistent with the gloomy and grotesque character of his writings. A favourite cat, too, enjoyed his friendly patronage, and often when he was engaged in composition it seated itself on his shoulder, purring as in complacent approval of the work proceeding under its supervision.

A PRETTY EXPERIMENT.

Professor Rogers has solved the problem of seeing through a millstone. In a paper read before the Scientific Association at Newport, he says:—Take a sheet of foolscap or letter paper; roll it up so that the opening at one end shall be large enough to take in the full size of the eye, and at the other end let the opening be not half so large. Take it in the right hand, holding it between the thumb and fore finger; place the large end to the right eye and look through it, with both eyes open to the light. You will see a hole through your hand. If you take it in your left hand the effect will be the same. You will in both cases be astonished to see that you have a hole in your hand. The illusion is most complete. From this and other experiments, he concludes that an impression made upon the retina of either eye cannot of itself enable us to determine on which retina it is received, and that the visual perception belongs to that part of the optical apparatus near or within the brain, which belongs in common to both eyes.

[From Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WHAT MADE THE DIFFERENCE.

As the winter term of our district schools has begun, let me ask you, parents and pupils, to take a glance at the schools of a year ago in your vicinity, some of which were good, others bad, and tell me what made the difference. Doubtless your ready answer is,—why, some were fortunate enough to secure *good teachers*, while others were not, either because they were afraid to open their purse strings far enough, or could not spend time to look up one. Are you, my friends, very sure that your answer is the correct one? Have you studied the matter carefully, and sifted it thoroughly? If you are right in believing that the teacher only is responsible for the reputation of your schools, will you tell me *why* we heard so many remarks like the following:—"I don't see *why* Jones can't teach just as good a school as Smith." "I should think Jones would keep first-rats order, he is so stern and unflinching in other places." "I haven't been to see, but *they say* the scholars do just as they please. I wish I had hired Smith, for *they say* that their school beats anything else in town." I would, but I didn't suppose Jones would fail here, though he hasn't had the name of keeping first-rats order."

As you don't seem to find the exact difficulty in Jones, let us look at the circumstances of the two, a little. You all consider Jones equal to Smith at anything out of the line of teaching. Each taught his first term in some out-of-the-way place, we never heard much about. The second term, Smith was engaged in a well regulated school, with a large number of earnest, intelligent scholars, and parents who were determined to have their children *know something*, and their school a *good one*. Jones taught in a tumble-down house, belonging to a district where education was below par, and school taxes a grudging investment, and, as a natural consequence, a lot of scholars that knew but little, and cared less about learning any more. That he failed to acquire the name of being a good teacher in such a place need not surprise any one. That Smith would have done any better in the same place remains to be proved.

The third term, Smith enters No. 4 with the reputation of being a good teacher, and keeping first-rats order, which his school of the previous winter, united with his own energy and perseverance, gave him, and a successful course is confidently expected by all concerned. And a successful course they have, not so much because Smith is a better teacher than Jones, as because all the component parts are exerting and therefore doing all in their power to make it a good one, and putting down the few fault-finding remarks of the dissatisfied ones until they, too, give it up, and go with the rest in saying Smith "can't be beat, nor equaled even." Jones, just as earnest and efficient, but with the reputation which *his* school of the preceding winter gave him still clinging to his name, enters *your* school amid shakes of the head, doubts expressed and unexpressed, and eyes opened wide to see if there should be the least bit of disorder. Some of the scholars are

for fun; others stand outside and wait to see if the school is to be a good one or not; others go inside, but instead of devoting their time to study, sit, watch the rest, and go away saying, "it was so noisy they couldn't learn anything, and the school was a miserable one."

Why was it a miserable one, I ask?—*You say*, "Jones is a fine young man, a first-rate fellow, but he hasn't the *faculty* to get along in the schoolroom." I say it is because he is almost the *only one* in the district ready to *work*—the rest of you are carefully watching for the failure that must *inevitably* come, if the teacher has *no one* to help him. You might as well expect the sculptor (with whom the teacher is so often compared,) to embody the beautiful designs which his soul creates, with his block of marble set up by the wayside, and every passer-by permitted to hack it as he pleased, as to expect even the most perfect of teachers to mold a character of beauty and symmetry during the short time the scholars are under his supervision, unaided by their own efforts and the hearty co-operation of their parents.

But you, scholars, are *not* blocks of inanimate marble,—you are immortal beings, like your teacher, and like him, responsible to yourselves, your country, and your Creator, for the use and improvement of those powers which He has given to your keeping. If you would have a good school the present winter, be ready to do your part, and believe me it is no *small* part you have to do, for you are just as much a factor of the school as your teacher,—it is just as necessary that your part should be well done as that *his* should be. And if you cannot each do quite as much towards forming the character of your school, you can do infinitely more towards forming *your own*. It is upon *your own* exertions that your advancement mostly depends. I do not wish to take one iota from the responsibility resting upon the teacher's efforts, but *I do say* that you can learn in *almost any school* if you will and if you do. I want it to be understood that I have reference to the *large* scholars, or *first classes*, in these remarks: the smaller ones seldom trouble any teacher.

To the parents I would say, when you catch yourselves in the act of finding fault with your teacher, *pause* and go to the schoolroom and compare *his* discipline with *your own*, and if he is not overruled any worse than you are, go away and hold your peace, leaving him to manage the school *unmolested* by your opposing influence, if you *will not* give him your support.

MAY MYRLE.

REARING CHILDREN PHYSIOLOGICALLY.

The following sensible remarks are found in the *School*:—

All the absolute evils of this world may be said to arise from ignorance and selfishness; perhaps all might be included in the word selfishness, if we give to that term its full and broad signification.—Even our parent affections in their manifestation seem often only a desire to please ourselves, without reference to any result beyond the present. There is through-

out the world a lack of perception of separate individuality, and of the consequences to that other being, of any course we may pursue. Among men the results of the acts of individuals toward each other and upon the community, have given rise to legislation and to laws.

In each separate family (sometimes indeed it is *multi-familias*) constitutes himself and his various moods, the law by which his household is governed; and in many cases his daily emotions of anger or pleasure, disappointment or success, render his rule benign and considerate, or harsh and tyrannical. Many again there are, who, by a steady, moral, unswerving mind, guide the household affairs, and the development of those youthful minds which God has intrusted to their care. To these, and to all, we address ourselves. It is impossible to instruct and develop correctly any two children by the same course of treatment; it is vain to make any system a *per se* system; it is inconsistent with the advances of humanity and with true individuality. While in morals there may be an absolute right and wrong, an unwavering adherence to the good and the true, the peculiar method of attainment to this rule is as varied as the minds upon the earth.

The natural faculties of each child are as plain to careful observation as the sun at noon-day; and it is only necessary to know the mental bias of a child to enable us properly to determine the situation in life to which his or her powers are best adapted.

Let every father, every mother, and all who hope to call themselves parents, forever fear this in mind. Watch the child at its *play*. Suffer it to play as it will, and note what sports attract it, wherein lies the chief pleasure.

Away with these horrors, infant phenomena. Let nature alone, and do you, ignorant man, keep your great, coarse finger out of the delicate machinery, which, working by and through nature, will, at the proper moment, indicate the course to be pursued, the development which is sought. Permit undisturbed to guide you in the treatment thereof.—Nature is a wise teacher.

At infancy, the healthy body, incapable of progressive motion, demands rest; give then perfect quiet. Man's early life is a mere vegetative existence; the brain, gently pulsating beneath the unformed base, is not yet the seat of reason, but of instinct; while nature then demands entire repose, or, at the most, passive action, why should a barbarous nurse and ignorant mother array the little form in thick embroidery; display it to the admiring multitude; daudio it with thumping vibration, or spin it like a boomerang in the air? Why seek the most noisy promenade to confuse it with the uproar? Why pound it up and down over hundreds of miles, and in the midst of smoke, effluvia, and all the rattle, noise and screams incident to railroad travel? Avoid those abominations called cradles; flee from the rocking of the crib, and all those swinging motions which cannot fail to produce, in a minor degree, those very agreeable sensations, that pleasant lethargy, which seizes upon one when he is taking his first lesson in drunkenness. What a ro-

noun would that agriculture win for himself who should first in a patent, portable, double acting, &c. rocking cradle for sucking calves; what an advantage to the bovine race!

When by pure air, and its natural nourishment, [the pure milk of a cow, or a goat, is far better than that of a feeble, passionate, or drunken nurse, when the mother cannot nurse her offspring.] the child has become old enough to creep about, down on the floor with it, and let it go; give it a ball or something to creep after, and rest fully content that when tired, the child will cease its play.

Don't hurry the little one to walk; do not encourage it to stand alone, lest bow-legs and weak ankles be the penalty of your too assiduous care, of your selfish desire to see your child walk before nature has decreed it. When the proper time arrives the little hands will seek the tops of chair-seats, the little body will sway to and fro, erect for the first time; soon the first step is taken, and then all is plain.

Keep away your books, your illuminated alphabet, your intellectual blocks and your abortions of toys—caricatures upon nature—toys which it is no harm to fall down and worship, since the like thereof exists neither in heaven above, nor in earth beneath, nor in the water which is under the earth. Let the child play one, two, three; what, says some one—four years! and not know a letter! Yea, my good madam, even until it reacheth the age of seven years, would we have the little mind free and unpuzzled; at liberty to observe, to desire, to construct, to play, to make out its own individuality. This is the great attribute of man—play; this divides him from the brute creation; man alone can laugh. Remember that the longer the period of youth, the period of formation, the better, the more healthful, enduring, and longer-lived the man. Of all created beings man is the most helpless at infancy.

A WORD TO YOUNG TEACHERS.

Repeated observation has proved conclusively, that *too much ardor* is a common fault with young teachers, more particularly, perhaps with lady teachers. The young lady has looked forward through many years, to the era when she may be prepared to take charge of a school. The happy time has come, and her dearest wish is to be a *good* teacher,—to gain a *high* place. She engages in her duties eagerly—laying many fine plans, without even dreaming that she may not with resolution make them effectual. She must be a first class teacher—nothing less will satisfy her ambition, and in her innocence, she deems that all is pending on her "first school;" that will decide her reputation. So she commences, ardent and hopeful, and if the improvement of her pupils were proportionate to her ardor, in one short term they would pass almost from the alphabet to fluxions, or through what it has taken her many years to acquire. But very soon ardor becomes impatience because her scholars do not learn. She is anxious to see their improvement from day to day, and as she cannot, she tires of her employment, and

perhaps abandons it after one or two terms, though she may have possessed all the elements of a good teacher, save patience and perseverance. Now to such teachers we would say—let your ardor be well-tempered with patience, and perseverance be united with energy, remembering that it is steady, persevering effort that will insure success. Look for the improvement of your pupils back through weeks, in some instances through months of time, if you would have it perceptible. The All-wise has so ordered that education enters the mind slowly, very slowly it seems to our short-sighted vision; but it is good that it should be thus. And oh! teach patiently, constantly, and the reward will certainly come. The improvement will be evident after many days.

Learn a lesson from the rain of heaven. The soil of the earth is dry and parched, but the sun's rays are now absorbed, and the darkening clouds promise rain. But comes it down violently—at once? Oh, no. The shrouding mist first comes, then very small drops, so finely and gently that you can scarcely see that the dusty soil is even dampened; but look again after some hours—the surface is so thoroughly impregnated with moisture, that it will absorb large quantities of water—then heavy rains fall. So with the youthful mind. After much gently falling instruction it is prepared for deep draughts of knowledge.

Let your leading motive be, then, a sincere desire to benefit your scholars.—Seek for them the gentlest, plainest, pleasantest pathway up the rugged hill; and be assured your reputation will not suffer in consequence. And be not discouraged though you may repeat the same to a school for forty-nine times; at the fiftieth hearing it may be indelibly impressed. Will you then have labored in vain?

Trim well your lamp of patience from day to day, and, by its true and constant light, you may effect a world of good, and win a desirable place in many hearts.

Do good for good's own sake—so that thou shalt have a better praise, and reap a richer harvest of reward.—*Elmira Gazette.*

FRESHNESS OF THE BIBLE.

The learned Le Clerc tells us, that while he was compiling his *Harmony*, he was so struck with admiration of the excellent discourse of Jesus, and so inflamed with the love of his most holy doctrine, that he thought he had then but just begun to be acquainted with what he had scarcely ever laid out of his hands from his infancy.

Queen Elizabeth, who spent much of her time in reading the best writings of her own and former ages, has left on record the following:—"I walk many times in the pleasant fields of the Holy Scriptures, where I pluck the goodliest herbs of sentences by pruning, eat them by reading; digest them by musing, and lay them up at length in the high seat of memory by gathering them together, so that, having tasted their sweetness, I may less perceive the bitterness of life." During the time that Dr. Keunicott

was employed on his Polyglott Bible, it was the constant office of his wife, in their daily airings, to read to him those different portions to which his immediate attention was called. When preparing for their ride, the day after his great work was completed, upon her asking him what book she should take. "O," said he, "let us begin the Bible."—*Primitive Church Magazine.*

The French photographers have succeeded in effecting an important amelioration in the art of obtaining *fac-similes* of old manuscripts, recent improvements in the photographic art enabling them to produce perfectly distinct and legible copies of the palest and most illegible manuscripts. On old parchments the ink, under the influence of time, assumes a yellowish tint, which often becomes undistinguishable from that of the parchment, so that it cannot be read without the greatest difficulty. Now, during the photographic process the brilliant and polished parts of the parchment reflect light better than those where the ink has been deposited. However colorless it may appear, the ink has not lost its anti-phlogogenic qualities, exposed to the phlogogenic ones of the parchment; and thanks to this opposition, black characters may be obtained on the sensitive surface, in return for much paler ones on the original. Photographers are also able to obtain, at pleasure, enlarged or diminished copies of manuscripts, statues, and other works of art. Many recent photographs, examined with the aid of a microscope, reveal particles invisible to the naked eye; several of the lunar impressions taken during the late eclipse, and some of the solar ones, are cited as belonging to this category.—*Scientific American.*

ETIQUETTE AND NATURE.

The teachings of modern etiquette, dating from Lord Chesterfield, all have but one tendency—to substitute *passive*, mechanical art, for active, living nature. The masters of etiquette are merely those who have, by long and painful self-discipline, gained complete control over their exterior forms, and who never exhibit any emotions by the customary signs, such as smiling, weeping, trembling, blushing, &c. These outlets, which Heaven has given us, through which to relieve our souls of their pent-up passions of joy or sorrow, are voted vulgar, and only fit for the "lower classes." Let us be of the lower classes, then, as long as we live! We have no desire to emulate the example of those useless and frivolous people who expend enough time and effort in becoming machines, to benefit the whole world by some labor of utility and charity.—We have no ambition to subvert our outward man at infinite expense, in order to be like him who, while on his death-bed, seeing standing, rallied his falling breath to say: "Give Dayrolles a chain!" Our last words, we hope, may be of more importance than these.

DISCIPLINE not one faculty exclusively for thou hast many. If thou canst not see, the optic glass in the dark, take the ear trumpet—by day reverse them.—*John Paul.*

THE LOVE OF TRUTH.

Education is constantly and almost universally eulogized. But why? Not as an end, but as an instrument. Not for itself, but because knowledge is power,—it is respectable,—it is an important means of success in the world.

Such views, although by no means without their use, are, nevertheless, of themselves, utterly inadequate. They can never result in that symmetrical and harmonious development of the whole nature of man, which is implied in the word Education. The foundation is too narrow for the superstructure. Something else is needed. The need is the love of truth in the mind of the person to be educated. Implant in the mind of any youth a sincere and ardent love of truth—a love of truth for the truth's sake,—a love of which will lead him to seek for truth wherever it may be found, and to follow it wherever it may lead, and you have done more for the education of that mind than can possibly be done by the communication of any amount of mere information. Such a mind will be educated. It may have more or fewer facilities and advantages, but where there is a will, there is a way; and where there is a living, acting, love of truth, there will be an educated mind.

The influence of this principle may be seen in brothers or sisters of the same family, in scholars of the same class, in school, or in college. Of those whose natural abilities are equally good, you will see some making rapid progress,—growing up into the fullness of the statute of perfect manhood, while others grow in nothing but that which is corrupt. The same thing is also seen in those sudden transformations which sometimes occur in intellectual character, by which persons who have hitherto been considered dull and stupid, become fired with zeal for knowledge, and ever after go on to make great attainments.

It is said that the celebrated Dr Barrows was so very dull when a youth at school, that his father used to say, that if it should be the pleasure of Providence to deprive him of any one of his nine children, he hoped it would be Isaac. Yet Isaac was the only one of the nine of whom anything is now known. Becoming possessed of this new motive to study,—the love of truth,—he has made attainments in learning and command over language, which have been rarely, if ever, surpassed. So great were these attainments, that Lord Chatham, as a means of perfecting himself in oratory, copied with his own hand, eight times, his published works. Nothing can prevent the progress of a mind possessed of this principle. It matters little who or where its possessor may be. It is awake and open to those impressions of truth which are ever coming to such a mind from the whole range of existence.

A WORD TO FATHERS.

We have read a story of a little boy who, when he wanted a new suit of clothes, begged his mother to ask his father if he might have it. The mother suggested that the boy might ask for himself. "I would," said the boy, "but I don't feel well enough acquainted with him." There is a sharp reproof to that father in the reply of his son. Many a father keeps his children so at a distance from him, that they never feel confidentially acquainted with him. They feel that he is a sort of monarch in the family. They feel no familiarity with him. They fear him, and respect him, and even love him some, for children cannot help loving some everybody about them, but they seldom get near enough to him to feel intimate with him. They seldom go to him with their little wants and trials. They approach him through the mother. They tell her everything. They have a highway to her heart on which they go in and out with perfect freedom. In this keeping-off plan father's are to blame. Children should not be held off. Let them come near.—Let them be as intimate with the father as with the mother. Let their little hearts be freely opened. It is wicked to freeze up the love-fountains of little one's hearts. Father's do them an injury by living with them as strangers. This drives many a child away from home for the sympathy his heart craves, and often into improper society. It nurses discontent and distrusts which many a child does not outgrow in his lifetime. Open your hearts and your arms, fathers, be free with your children; ask for their wants and trials; play with them; be fathers to them truly, and they will not need a mediator between themselves and you.—*Valley Farmer.*

FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Every school for young ladies rejoices in its teacher of drawing, painting, &c., as well as its teacher of music; and, under the hands of those individuals, the whole school, as a general thing, is desired to pass by teachers and parents. French is studied as an accomplishment. The result usually is, that when a young lady is "finished off" she can play six tunes on the piano; has executed three pieces of drawing or painting, which papa buys frames for, and hangs up in a parlor for exhibition to visitors; has done a little portfolio of water colors, in which the teacher's hand is frequently visible; has learned to dance; and has achieved a free run of nineteen French phrases, which she could not pronounce correctly to save her life. So far, there is nothing but show. Principles have not been comprehended, and she has in her hands nothing, not even the instruments for winning the accomplishments which she and her friends imagine she possesses.—How many misses can sketch from nature? How many, who return home "accomplished," can sketch even the old domicile in which they were reared? How many can paint the tiger lily that occupies a

corner in the garden? How many can take a simple piece of music, and play or sing it at sight? How many go on from the foothold they have achieved and become mistresses of the delightful art, soothing the husband when weary and alone, or entertaining his friends when they call upon him? How many read a French book after leaving school? We suppose not one in fifty. Their accomplishments are a gilded chest. The money spent to obtain them is a dead loss, and the time which they have occupied should have been devoted to more solid studies, in which three-fourths are deficient, from the simple fact that their time has been unprofitably occupied.

LOCAL AGENTS.

TEACHERS are expected to act as Agents for the *Educationalist*.

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